

# *Post-Trauma*

*Lauren Dawn Kathleen Wallace*

My indigo friend  
He whistles sickly tunes  
at the corner of my bedsheets  
Words like knives serrating at my capacity for thought  
I find him tucked under movie seats  
Cackling quietly among the dust and stale kernels—  
Wait—  
No

Someone's hurt  
It drips  
It spills  
He comes howling  
Roaring  
Writhing in the hollows of my bones  
Tearing from the corners of my mouth

I make my apologies  
As he pulls away from the corpse of my still evening  
Satisfied with the shivers that remind me of his ubiquity

